

SCHOOL-ROOM
SONGS.

~~F-46113~~
~~N182~~

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

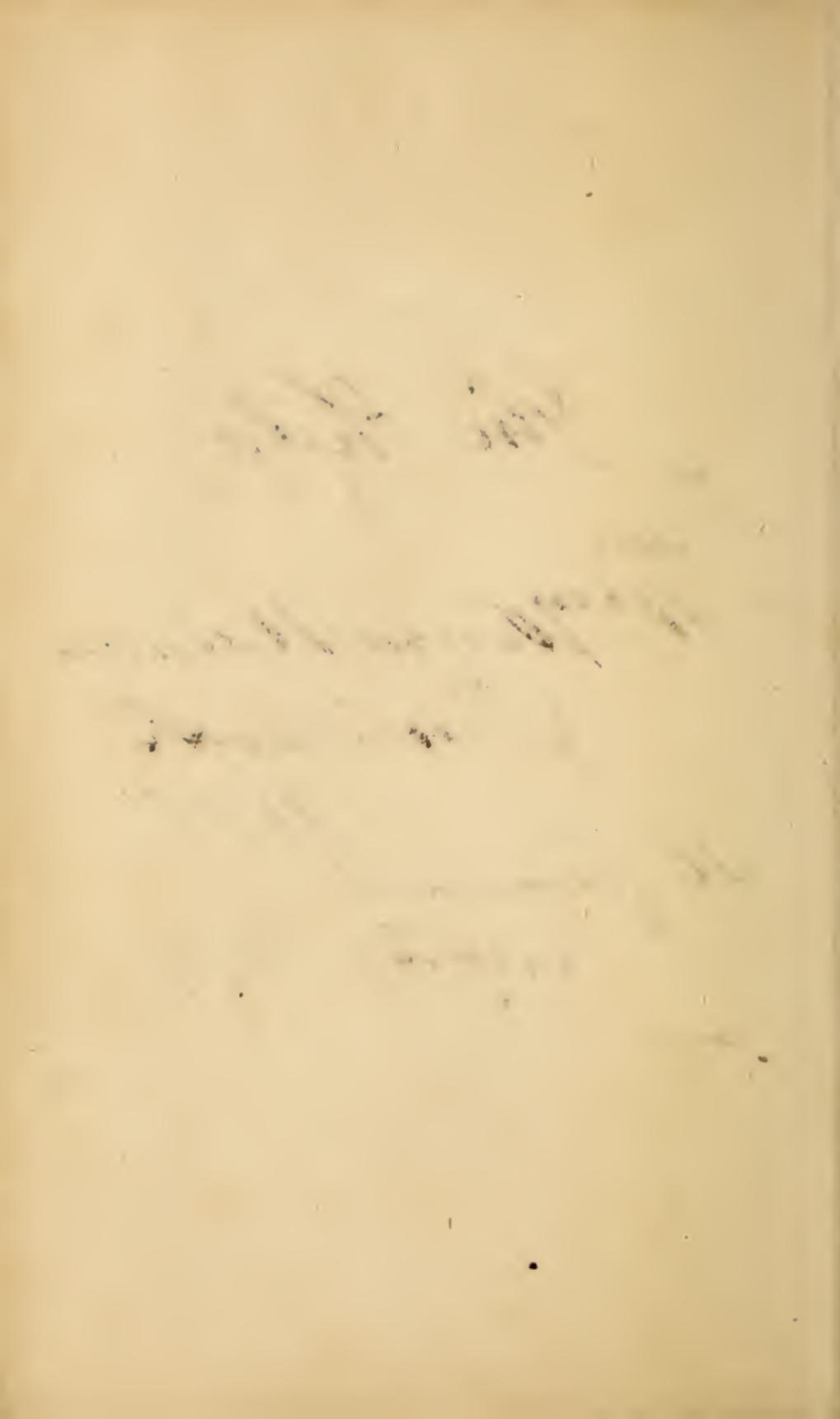
Division

SCB

Section

2274

O. Glazebrook
the Phila.
From
Wm. Warren Nelson
Somersworth
at Cinnamond ^{N.H.}
Aug 27. 1897.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/sorouse00nas0>



SONGS

FOR THE

APR 11 1936

SCHOOL ROOM;

A SELECTION OF SACRED AND SECULAR SONGS FOR
THE USE OF SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND
THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY ELIAS NASON, M. A.

"O say not, dream not heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain ;
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.
Dim, or unheard, the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind."

—
NEWBURYPORT :
JOHN G. TILTON AND COMPANY.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1855,

By J. G. TILTON & Co.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of
Massachusetts.

ANDOVER: J. D. FLAGG,
Stereotyper and Printer.

SACRED SONGS.

1 Father! Thy Paternal Care.

TUNE—See Kingsley's *S. Choir*, vol. 1, p. 84.

1 FATHER! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been and guide ;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has Thy hand of love supplied ;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;
Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense of Thy shrine ;
These—and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest—all are Thine.

3 And for all, my hymn shall rise
Daily to Thy gracious throne ;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied—Righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude,
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

DR. JOHN BOWRING.

2 Hymn for the Opening of School.

[7s.]

TUNE—“*Edyfield.*”

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
We are weak, Almighty Thou.
- 2 With the peace Thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teachers blest ;
In our lives and in our hearts,
Father, be Thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind,
Light and pardon from above ;
Charity for all our kind —
Trusting faith, and holy love.

GREY.

3

Morning Hymn.

[L. M.]

TUNE—“*Nayton.*” “*Malvern.*”

- 1 WHILE nature welcomes in the day,
My heart its earliest vows would pay,
To Him whose care hath kindly kept
My life from danger while I slept.
- 2 His genial rays the sun renews ;
How bright the scene with glittering dews !
The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.
- 3 So may the Sun of righteousness
With kindliest beams my bosom bless,
Warm into life each heavenly seed,
To bud and bear some generous deed.

4 Oh may each day my heart improve,
 Increase my faith, my hope, my love ;
 And thus its shades around me close,
 More wise and holy than I rose.

PROF. FRISBIE.*

4 Song of Praise.

[H. M.]

TUNE—"Lenox."

1 YE tribes of Adam join,
 With heaven and earth and seas,
 And offer notes divine,
 To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light,
 Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above,
 In glorious order stand ;
 Or in swift courses move,
 By His supreme command.

He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came,
 To praise the Lord.

3 Virgins and youths, engage,
 To sound His praise divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feebler voices join.

* This accomplished scholar was born at Ipswich, Mass. in 1784.—He was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, in 1817, and died in 1821.

Wide as He reigns,
His name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

DR. WATTS.*

5

Praise the Lord.

[8s. & 7s.]

TUNE—“*Perez.*”

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light !
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name !

DUBLIN COLL.

6

Song of the Jewish Captives.†

[10s.]

TUNE—“*Melton.*”

- 1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,

* Dr. Isaac Watts, the greatest lyric poet of his age, was born at Southampton in 1674, and died at Newington in 1748. His “*Psalms and Hymns*” have had a more extensive circulation than any other work, excepting the Bible, in the English language.

† Vide. Ps. cxxxvii.

While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence, on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.
 - 3 Our hard oppressors, to increase our woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim ;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.
 - 4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise ?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.
 - 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame :
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.
- J. BARLOW.

7

Universal Praise.

[C. P. M.]

TUNE—"Meribah." "Ariel."

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God ;
Ye thunders, speak His power :

Lo ! on the lightning's fiery wing
 In triumph walks the eternal King :
 The astonished worlds adore.

- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunders of the skies,
 Praise Him, who bids you roll :—
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs and sing ;
 Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 Let man, in God's own image made,
 His breath in praise employ ;
 Spread wide his Maker's name around,
 Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
 In songs of holy joy.



OGILVIE.

8

The Lord is my Shepherd.

[11s.]

TUNE—"Portuguese Hymn."

Vide also "Nason's Vocal Class Book," p. 90.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when op-
 pressed.

- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay ;
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
 O what shall I ask of Thy Providence more ?
- 4 Let Goodness and Mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

9 The Vicissitudes of Providence.

[C. M.] TUNE—“*Coventry.*” “*Howards.*”

- 1 The gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
 Are variously conveyed ;
 The human mind, like nature, knows
 Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspect all things wear,
 Can we expect to find
 Unclouded sunshine all the year,
 Or constant peace of mind ?
- 3 More gayly smiles the blooming spring,
 When wintry storms are o'er ;
 Retreating sorrow thus may bring
 Delight unknown before.

* James Montgomery was born at Irvine, Eng. in 1771. As a composer of sacred lyrics, he is to be ranked with Addison, Watts, Heber, etc. He died at Sheffield, April 30, 1854.

- 4 Then, mortal ! send thy fears away,
 Nor sink in gloomy care ;
 Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
 To-morrow may be fair.

MRS. ANNE STEELE.*

10

Oh Blest Art Thou.

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Illa."

- 1 OH ! blest art thou, whose steps may rove
 Through the green paths of vale and grove,
 Or, leaving all their charms below,
 Climb the wild mountain's airy brow ;
- 2 For man can show thee nought so fair,
 As Nature's varied marvels there ;
 And if thy pure and artless breast
 Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest !
- 3 For thee the stream in beauty flows,
 For thee the gale of summer blows,
 And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
 Voices of joy still breathe for thee.
- 4 But happier far, if then, thy soul
 Can soar to Him who made the whole ;
 If to thine eye the simplest flower
 Portray His bounty and His power.

* This lady was the daughter of a clergyman of Broughton, in Hampshire, Eng. Her first volume of poems was published in 1760, under the name of Theodosia. Her writings were collected after her decease, and published in three vols. in 1780. Her epitaph consists of the following lines —

Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,
 That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise ;
 But now in heaven, she joins the angelic throng,
 In more harmonious, more exalted lays.

- 5 If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought;
If there thou knowest his love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed.

MRS. F. HEMANS.

11 The Voice of Creation.

[L. M.]

TUNE—“*Aerion.*”

- 1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of Thy indulgence, love and power;
The birds that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker’s praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring,
To Thee a general pæan raise.
- 2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute midst nature’s loud acclaim?
Nor let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise Thy holy name?
And nature’s debt is small to mine;
Thou badst her being bounded be,
But — matchless proof of love divine —
Thou gav’st immortal life to me.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE.*

12 Summer Evening.

[P. M.]

AIR—“*Harp of the Wind.*”

- 1 How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun;
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,

* This elegant writer was born at Norwich, England, in 1771. Her maiden name was Amelia Alderson. The productions of her pen are very numerous; but her treatises on “Detraction,” and on “Lying,” are the most generally known.

Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain !
 But now the fair Traveller's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

- 2 Just such is the Christian :* his course he begins
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins
 And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heavenly way ;
 But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

DR. WATTS.

13

Our Destiny.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Naomi." "Acushnet."

- 1 SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright ;
 Bridal of earth and sky !
 The dews shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou, alas ! must die.
- 2 Sweet Rose, in air whose odors wave,
 And color charms the eye !
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou, alas ! must die.
- 3 Sweet Spring, of days and roses made,
 Whose charms for beauty vie !
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
 Thou too, alas ! must die.

* Vide Prov. iv. 18.

- 4 Be wise then, mortal, while you may,
 For swiftly time is flying ;
 The thoughtless man that laughs to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

ALTERED FROM GEO. HERBERT

14 Watchman ! What of the Night ?*

TUNE—“ *Watchman tell us of the Night.*”

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are —
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day —
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends —
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends ! —
 Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller ! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn —
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home —
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

DR. JOHN BOWRING.

* Vide *Isaiah xxi. 11.*

15**God is Love.**

[5s & 6s.] AIR—*See Boston S. S. Book, p. 31.*

- 1 Lo ! the heavens are breaking,
Pure and bright above ;
Life and light awaking,
Murmur — “ God is love.”
- 2 Round yon pine-clad mountain
Flows a golden flood ;
Hear the sparkling fountain,
Whisper — “ God is good.”
- 3 See the streamlet bounding,
Through the vale and wood,
Hear its ripples sounding,
Murmur — “ God is good.”
- 4 Music now is ringing
Through the shady grove,
Feathered songsters singing,
Warble — “ God is love.”
- 5 Wake, my heart, and springing,
Spread thy wings above,
Soaring still and singing —
God is ever good.

ANON.

16**The Nightingale.**

[L. M.] TUNE—*See Kingsley's S. Choir, vol. I. p. 88.*

- 1 WHEN twilight's gray and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar ;

- 2 When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants seek their village-dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies;
- 3 At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale;
And from a hermitage of shade,
Fills with her voice the forest-glade.
- 4 Father in heaven ! oh ! thus, when day
With all its cares hath passed away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth;
- 5 Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer,
To Thee my spirit's offering bear;
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper-hymns of piety.
- 6 So may Thy mercy and Thy power,
Protect me through the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on Thy servant's bed of rest.

MRS. F. HEMANS.

17

The Autumn Evening.

[C. M.] TUNE—"Clarendon." "Phillips."

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How mildly on the wandering cloud,
 The sunset beam is cast !
 'Tis like the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.

4 And now, above the dews of night,
 The yellow star appears ;
 So faith springs in the hearts of those
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

5 But soon the morning's happier light,
 Its glories shall restore :
 And eyelids that are sealed in death,
 Shall ope to close no more.

PEABODY.

18

Star of the East.

[10s & 11s.]

TUNE—"Folsom."

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure :

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
 BP. HEBER.*

19

The River of Love.

[L. M.] TUNE—“*Hamburg.*” “*Ashford.*”

- 1 THERE is a pure, a peaceful wave,
 That rolls around the throne of love ;
 Whose waters gladden as they lave
 The bright and heavenly shores above.
- 2 While streams which on that tide depend,
 Steal from those heavenly shores away,
 And on the desert world descend,
 Over our barren land to stray.
- 3 The Pilgrim faint, and near to sink,
 Beneath his load of earthly wo,
 Refreshed beneath its verdant brink,
 Rejoices in its gentle flow.
- 4 There, oh my soul, do thou repose,
 And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
 To drink the crystal wave ; and there
 To lave thy wounded, weary wing.
- 5 It may be that the waft of love
 Some leaves on that pure tide hath driven,
 Which passing from the shores above
 Hath floated down to us from heaven.

* This truly excellent divine and poet was born at Malpas, Eng., April 21, 1783, and died at Calcutta in 1826. “Wherever the English language is known, his beautiful poems are cherished, not only for their surpassing poetical merits, but for the pure spirit of devotion of which they are the utterance.”

- 6 So shall thy wants and woes be healed,
 By the blest influence they bring,
 So thy parched lips shall be unsealed,
 Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.

20

Invitation to Prayer.

[11s & 10s.] TUNE—“*Come, ye Disconsolate.*”

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish ;
 Come, at the shrine of God, fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish ;
 Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure ;
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
 “ Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.”
- ANON.

21

Aspiration for Heaven.

[C. M.] TUNE—“*Elliot,*” by *Mehul.*

- 1 THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadows dim her way.
- 3 So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,

Aloft through virtue's purer air
To hold my course to Thee;

- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

T. MOORE.

22

The Stream of Life.

[7s.]

TUNE—“Norwich.”

- 1 GENTLY glides the stream of life,
Oft along the flowery vale,
Or impetuous, down the cliff ;
Rushing roars, when storms assail.
- 2 'Tis an ever-varied flood,
Always rolling to its sea,
Slow, or swift, or mild, or rude,
Tending to eternity.

23

The Fount of Glory.

[8s & 7s.]

TUNE—“Greenville.”

Vide Nason's “Vocal Class Book,” p. 89.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation ?

Every pure and humble mind ;
 Every kindred tongue and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of His throne.

MISS JANE TAYLOR.*

24

Parting Song.

[7s.]

TUNE — “*Isle of Beauty.*”

1 WHEN shall we all meet again ?

When shall we all meet again ?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,

Parched beneath the hostile sky ;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls ;
 And in fancy’s wide domain,
 There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,

When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion’s shade,
 Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again !

* This highly amiable and intellectual lady was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Taylor of Colchester. She was born in 1783, and lived until April 1823. Her “Poems for Infant Minds,” and “Rhymes for the Nursery,” have rendered her name a general favorite with the young.

25 God in Every Thing.

[L. M.] TUNE—“*Rockingham.*” “*All Saints.*”

- 1 THERE'S nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature, glorious God, of Thee.
- 2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love ;
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

T. MOORE.

26 Morning Hymn.*

[L. M.] TUNE—“*Hamburg.*”

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.
- 3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

* This hymn was composed about a month before the author's death in 1773, and dictated to Mrs. Hawkesworth, before he rose in the morning.

- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
 Yet then Thy strength shall still defend ;
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
 Thy light shall give eternal day !
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies !

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

27

National Hymn.

[6s. & 4s.]

TUNE—"America."

- 1 My country ! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing.
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride ;
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country ! thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love.
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring through all the trees ;
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to Thee,
 Author of liberty !
 To Thee we sing.
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

28

The Spirits of Bliss.

[11s.] TUNE—"How cheering the thought."

- 1 How cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss
 Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this ;
 Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
 To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.
- 2 They come on the wings of the morning, they come,
 Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home,
 Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

29

The Land of the Blest.

[11s 12s.] AIR—"The last link is broken."

- 1 THE sunset is calm on the face of the deep,
 And bright is the last look of day in the west ;
 And broadly the beams of its parting glance sweep,
 Like the path that conducts to the Land of the
 Blest.
 All golden and green is the sea, as it flows
 In billows just heaving its tide to the shore,

And crimson and blue is the sky as it glows,
With colors that tell us that daylight is o'er.

- 2 The last line of light is now crossing the sea,
And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky.
It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,
Like a bird on that pathway of brightness to fly.
Far, far o'er the wave is a green sunny isle,
Where the last cloud of evening now shines in
the west;
'Tis the island that spring ever woos with her smile;
O ! seek it, the bright, happy Land of the Blest.

30

A Funeral Hymn.*

[8s & 7s.]

TUNE—"Mount Vernon."

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us—
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled ;

* Originally written on the occasion of the death of Miss M. J. C.,
a member of the Mount Vernon School, Boston, July 13, 1833. The
music is by Lowell Mason.

Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. SMITH.

31

Heaven.

[8s & 4s.]

AIR—"Near the Lake."

1 LIKE a dream when one awaketh,
Vanished away,
Earthly joy the heart forsaketh,
Doomed to decay.

But when flesh and spirit faileth,
Heaven grows more dear;
And when grief the heart assaileth,
O, shed no tear!

2 Dearest hopes and joys may perish,
Lost in an hour;
All the love the heart can cherish,
May lose its power.
When the storm is gathering o'er thee,
Do not despair;
Heaven can every joy restore thee,
More pure and fair.

3 Mid thy gloom and desolation,
Whene'er they come,
For thy peace and consolation,
Think of thy home;
There thy joys shall last forever,
Changeless and bright;
Clouds shall dim, O never, never,
That world of light.

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.*

* Of Charleston, S. C., authoress of the "Northern and the Southern Harp," and other lyrical publications.

32

The Star of Bethlehem.

[L. M.]

TUNE—“Cephas.”

See also Nason's “Vocal Class Book,” p. 64.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye :

- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every glen ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the STAR of Bethlehem.

- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem :
When suddenly, a star arose,
 It was the STAR of Bethlehem.

- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark foreboding cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
 The Star—the STAR of Bethlehem.

H. K. WHITE.

33

Early Piety.

[C. M.]

TUNE—“*Riverton.*”

See also Nason's “Vocal Class Book,” p. 134.

- 1 BY cool Siloam's* shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the youth whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !
- 5 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bp. HEBER.

* This fountain issues from a rock, twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the ground, near the South-East corner of the city of Jerusalem. “It flows out without a single murmur, and appears clear as crystal. From this place it winds its way several rods under the mountain, then makes its appearance with a gentle gurgling, and forming a beautiful rill, takes its way down into the valley, towards the South-East.

34

Contentment.

[C. M.]

TUNE—“*Noami.*”

Vide also “Nason’s Vocal Class Book,” p. 64.

1 FATHER, whate’er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

2 “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free,
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And make me live to Thee.

3 O, let the hope that Thou art mine,
 My life and death attend —
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey’s end.”

MRS. ANNE STEELE.

35

The Invitation.

[7s, 6s & 4s.] AIR—“*Thou, Thou reign’st,* etc.

1 SOFT, soft music is stealing,
 Sweet, sweet lingers the strain ;
 Loud, loud, now it is pealing,
 Waking the echoes again,
 Yes, yes, yes, yes,
 Waking the echoes again.

2 Join, join, children of sadness,
 Send, send sorrow away;

Now, now, changing to gladness,
Warble a beautiful lay.

Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Warble a beautiful lay.

3 Hope, hope, fair and enduring ;
Joy, joy, bright as the day ;
Love, love, heaven ensuring,
Sweetly invite you away.

Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Sweetly invite you away.

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

36

Evening.

[7s.]

AIR—"Go, forget me."

Vide also "Nason's Vocal Class Book," p. 63.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day,
Fades upon our sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

2 Soon for us, the light of day,
Shall forever pass away :
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

EPIS. COLL.

37

Constant Devotion.

[C. M.] TUNE—"Enfield." "Antioch." by Handel.

1 BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To Thee, my God, I'll sing,
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake each charming string.

3*

-
- 2 Awake, and let the flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amid the silent orbs,
The silver moon rolls clear.
- 3 So when the starry night returns,
Or smiling day renewes,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.
- 4 For this, I'll midnight vows to Thee
With early incense bring,
And, ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

38**The Bright Sun is Rising.**

[12s & 11s.]

AIR—"Araby's Daughter."

- 1 O, JOY to thee, joy to thee, daughter of sorrow !
Attune thy sweet voice to a rapturous lay ;
The bright sun is rising to cheer thee to-morrow,
And night's gloomy darkness is fading away.
The Friend of the friendless, the life of the dying,
The joy of the heart-broken mourner is He ;
Now praises for weeping, and gladness for sighing,
And garments of promise He's off'ring to thee.
- 1 Come, mourners, and bathe in the life-giving waters,
Which ever are springing exhaustless and pure ;
Now banish your sorrows, Jerusalem's daughters ;
Here peaceful and safe you may dwell evermore.
Here's beauty and glory, all glory excelling :
The Father's bright image expressed in the Son !
All mercy and peace in the Saviour is dwelling,
And they must be blest whom he claims as his
own.

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

39

Support in Death.

[7s & 4s.]

TUNE—"Wicklow," by Florio.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way ;
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Upward from this dying state,
 Bid my waiting soul aspire,
 Open Thou the crystal gate,
 To Thy praise attune my lyre.
 Then triumphant,
 I will join the immortal choir.

MRS. GILBERT

40

Hymn for the New Year.

[7s.]

TUNE—"Benevento."

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here ;
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies,
 Darts and leaves no trace behind —

Swiftly thus, our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream.
 Lord, our expectations raise,
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past, receive ;
 Pardon for our sins renew ;
 Teach us, Lord, by faith to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless Thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

41 Go, when the Morning Shineth.

[7s & 6s.] AIR—"Tis dawn, the lark is singing."

- 1 Go, when the morning shineth,
 Go, when the noon is bright,
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night ;
 Go, with a holy feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Call those to mind who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 Joining with each petition,
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are in thy way ;
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where He presides with love.

- 4 O ! not a joy or blessing,
 With this can we compare ;
 He gave the power within us,
 That we might live with prayer !
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Down at his footstool fall,
 Call to thy mind with gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

EDIN. LIT. REVIEW.

42

True Happiness.*

[C. P. M.]

TUNE—"Ariel."

- 1 If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast the jewel lies,
 Nor need we roam abroad ;
 The world has little to bestow,
 From pious hearts our joys must flow,
 Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 To be resigned when ills betide,
 Patient when favors are denied,
 And pleased with favors given —
 This is the wise, the pious part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

* Extracted from The Fireside, one of the most beautiful domestic pictures in our language.

3 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go,
 Its chequered paths of joy and wo
 With holy care we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

DR. NATHANAEL COTTON.

43

Time.

[7s & 6s.]

TUNE—“Amsterdam.”

1 TIME is winging us away,
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day —
 A journey to the tomb :
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away,
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day —
 A journey to the tomb :
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty, soon above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

BURTON.

44

Birth of the Saviour.*

[L. M.]

TUNE—“Belleville.”

1 ARRAYED in clouds of golden light,
 More bright than heaven's resplendent bow,

* Vide Luke ii. 8, 9.

Jehovah's angel came by night,
 To bless the sleeping world below ;
 How soft the music of his tongue !
 How sweet the hallowed strains he sung !

- 2 Good will henceforth to man be given,
 The light of glory beams on earth ;
 Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
 And saints below rejoice with mirth :
 On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
 And Judah's children hail their king.

T. MOORE.

45 Sowing and Reaping.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Brattle Street."

- 1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
 For those with care oppressed,
 When sighs and sorrowing fears shall cease,
 And all be hushed to rest.
 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
 And doubts that here annoy,
 Then they that oft had sown in tears,
 Shall reap again in joy.
- 2 There is an hour of sweet repose,
 When storms assail no more,
 The stream of endless pleasure flows
 On that celestial shore.
 There purity with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy,
 There they that oft have sown in tears,*
 Shall reap eternal joy.

W. B. TAPPAN.

* "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy."—Ps. cxvi. 15.

46**Meekness.**

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Ashwell." "Nason."

Vide "Sacred Harp."

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade,
He rests beneath Jehovah's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek, all mild,
Inspire our hearts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion, rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

SCOTT.

47**An Emblem of Life.**

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Silver Lake."

Vide Nason's "Vocal Class Book," p. 78.

- 1 SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile ;
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.
- 2 Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea ;
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

T. MOORE.

48

Missionary Hymn.

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Missionary Chant."*

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire —
With holy zeal your hearts inspire ;
Bid raging waves their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more ;
Meet — with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Saviour Lord of all.

PRATT'S COLL.

49

Early Death.

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Pleyel's Hymn."

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart ?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die ;

* Vide the "Psaltery," p. 91. The Music, by C. Zeuner, is one of the noblest "Chorals" ever composed.

- 3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain,
 Till dying hope shall live again,
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky.

MRS. ANNE STEELE.

50

How Blest the Sacred Tie.

[L. M.] TUNE—“*Hamburg.*” “*Ashford.*”*

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In union sweet, according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one.
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous love, what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within,
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
 For human guilt and mortal wo ;
 Their ardent prayers together rise
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together shall they seek the place
 Where God reveals his awful face ;
 How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When nature droops her sickening fire ;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy — because of love.

MRS. L. BARBAULD.

51

Morning Invocation.

[7s.] TUNE—"Wilmot." "Teleman's Chant."

1 SLEEP forsake us ! may the soul
 Gladden in its Maker's sight ;
 As the clouds that o'er us roll,
 Sparkle in the morning light.

2 God of life ! be Thou the ray
 Of our dim and wandering course,
 Light us, as the Star of day,
 On to truth's eternal source.

52

Our Native Land.

[6s & 4s.]

TUNE—"Dort."

See also the "Vocalist," p. 130.

1 GOD bless our native land,
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night !
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save,
 By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise,
 To God above the skies ;
 On Him we wait :
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be Thou forever nigh :
 God save the State.

3 Bless then our native land,
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night !
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save,
 By Thy great might.

53

Hymn of Triumph.

[L. M.] TUNE—"Migdol." "Missionary Chant."

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the millions of the skies —
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's !
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
 Obedient, mighty God, to Thee !
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the sceptre of Thy reign !
- 3 O, let that glorious anthem swell ;
 Let host to host the triumph tell —
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns !

PRATT'S COLL.

54

The Convent Bell.

[6s & 5s.] AIR—"Far, far o'er hill and dell."

- 1 FAR, far o'er hill and dell,
 On the winds stealing,
 List to the convent bell,
 Mournfully pealing.

Hark, hark, it seems to say,
 As melt the sounds away,
 So life's best joys decay,
 Whilst new their feeling.

- 2 Now through the charmed air,
 Slowly ascending,
 List to the chanted prayer,
 Solemnly blending.
 Hark, hark, it seems to say —
 Turn from earth's joys away,
 To those which ne'er decay,
 Though life is ending.

55 I Would not Live Alway.*

[11s & 12s.] TUNE—"See So. Choir, vol. 1. p. 81.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way ;
 The few lucid moments that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway ; no — welcome the tomb ;
 Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;
 Away from yon heaven — that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns.
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;

* Vide Job. vii. 16.

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MUHLENBURG.

56

Invocation for Celestial Light.

[10s.]

TUNE — “*Savannah.*”

- 1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man, in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend ;
Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

57

The Voice of Mercy.*

[8s, 7s & 4s.]

TUNE—“*Zion.*”

- 1 TRAVELLER ! dost thou hear the tidings
Borne unto thy weary ear,
Soft as angel's gentlest whispers,
Breathing from the upper sphere,
Sweetly telling.
Thy redemption now is near ?
- 2 In the desert's gloomy terrors,
'Mid the tempest's booming roar,
Hark ! the still small voice of mercy,

* This beautiful hymn was dictated by Dr. Woodhull to a friend, during his last illness, and but a short time previous to his decease.

Breaking from yon peaceful shore,
Sweetly telling,
All thy toil will soon be o'er.

- 3 Mortal ! when death's viewless arrow,
Quivers in thy fluttering heart,
Lift thy earnest thoughts to Jesus,
Who disarms the fatal dart ;
Sweetly telling,
I, to thee my peace impart.

DR. WOODHULL.

58

Valle Crucis.*

[L. M.]

AIR—"Silver Lake."

Vide Nason's "Vocal Class Book," p. 78.

- 1 VALE of the Cross, the Shepherds tell,
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For there are sainted shadows seen,
That frequent haunt the dewy green.
- 2 In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell with spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer,
Break softly on the tranquil air.
- 3 Vale of the Cross, the Shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For peace has there her spotless throne,
And pleasure to the world unknown —
- 4 The murmurs of the distant rills,
The Sabbath silence of the hills ;
And all the quiet God hath given,
Without the golden gates of heaven.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.†

* Valley of the Cross.

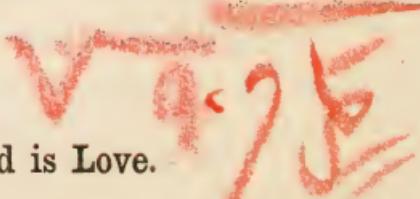
† Author of the "Life of Leo Xth," and other valuable works.

59**Solitude.**

[C. M.] AIR—“*Sul margin d' un rio.*” Phillips.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. BROWN.


60**God is Love.**

[L. P. M.]

TUNE—“*Hingham.*”

- 1 THE humblest flower that decks the vale,
The gloomiest cypress of the grove —
The breath of heaven their leaves inhale,
And whisper back that “ God is love.”
Streams speak His praises as they flow,
And winds soft hallelujah’s blow.

61

Resignation.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Thy will be done."

Vide Kingsley's "Social Choir," vol. 1.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
" O God, thy will be done." (
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 O, let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
- 4 O, could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate Thy Son !
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

MRS. FOLLEN.*

62

Morning Hymn.

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Park Street."

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

* Authoress of the " Well-Spent Hour," etc.

-
- 2 Illumined by the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

BISHOP KEN.

63

Forgiveness.*

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Quito." "Retreat."

- 1 FORGIVE thy foes ;— nor that alone ;
Their evil deeds with good repay,
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
- 2 So does the fragrant sandal bow,
In meek forgiveness to its doom ;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

* Translated from the Persian.

64

God's Compassion.

[S. M.]

TUNE—"Boylston."

Vide Nason's "Vocal Class Book," p. 158.

- 1 THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

DR. WATTS.

65

Our Guiding Star.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Andover." "Byrd."

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where the Redeemer lay.

- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
 Now points to his abode ;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
 The gracious call obey ;
 Be rugged wilds or flowery meads,
 The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given ;
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

66

Hymn at Sunset.

[7s & 6s.]

TUNE—“*Romaine.*”

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding
 Serenely down the west ;
 So every care subsiding,
 My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing
 The day-light's gentle close ;
 May angels, round me singing,
 Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted
 Her crystal lamp on high ;
 So, when in death benighted,
 May hope illume the sky.
- 4 In golden splendor dawning,
 To-morrow's light shall break ;

O ! on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

JOUR. OF THE FLUSHING INSTITUTE.

67

The Lark.

[8s & 7s.] TUNE—"See Juv. S. School." p. 122.

- 1 Lo ! the blithesome lark is soaring,
Far away through morning skies ;
Songs of grateful gladness pouring,
Higher, higher, see him rise.
- 2 Every mountain altar blazes ;
Incense sweet to heaven ascends ;
Meadows waft their silent praises ;
Every flower adoring bends.
- 3 Man ! awake from heavy slumbers,
Morning breaks serenely bright ;
Songs of praise in tuneful numbers,
Raise to HIM who rules the night.

68

Hope.

[L. M.] TUNE—"Rosedale." "Retreat."

- 1 THERE is a mild and tranquil light
Which sheds its gentle influence round,
Ere day recedes and solemn night
In silent stillness reigns profound.
- 2 In darkness mingling with the ray
Which lingers still on evening's breast,
That gives this tinge of sober gray,
And lulls the balmy air to rest.

3 Just such a light, so sweet, so clear,
 Sheds its soft influence on the mind,
 When Heaven in pity pours the balm
 Of holy hope on hearts resigned.

69

Habitual Devotion.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Brattle Street."

- 1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed —
 To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed —
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul most dear
 Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;

My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on Thee.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

70

The Happy Home.

[L. M.]

TUNE—"See So. Choir, vol. 1. p. 142.

- 1 The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,*
And scents the purple morning breath,
May in the shades of evening fall,
And bend its crimson head in death ;
And earth's bright ones, amid the tomb,
May, like the blushing rose, decay ;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.

- 2 And there, amid a holier sphere,
Where the archangel bows in awe,
There sits the King of glory near,
And executes his perfect law.
The ransomed of the earth, with joy,
Shall in their robes of beauty come ;
And find a rest, without alloy,
Amid the Christian's happy home.

71

The Saviour's Sorrow.

[11s.]

AIR—"What fairy-like music."

- 1 THOU sweet-gliding Cedron,† by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft
beam;

* Vide Cant. ii. 1.

† This streamlet runs through the valley between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, and thence, winding between rugged and desolate hills, through the desert of St. Saba, discharges itself into the Dead Sea.

-
- And by thy bright waters, till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head ;—
How hard was his pillow — how humble his bed ;
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
The theme, most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow — the triumph of love.
- 4 Come, saints, and adore him — come bow at his feet !
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

72 Prayer for Divine Guidance.

[8s & 7s.]

TUNE—“*Greenville*”

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears ;
Through the changes that await us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation’s darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

When our mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest ;
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

73

The Prince Salvation.

[12s 11s & 8s.]

TUNE—"Burlington."

- 1 THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
 And glory attends him along his bright way ;
 The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
 And nations are owning his sway.
- 2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour ;
 Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign ;
 Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
 And follow thy glorious train.
- 3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
 The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise ;
 And heaven shall re-echo the song of salvation,
 In rich and melodious lays.

S. F. SMITH.

74

Love is the Golden Chain.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Iddo." "Ortonville."

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And thus fulfil his word.
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part :

May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN.

75

Our Light and Guide.

[7s.]

AIR—“Fresh and Strong.”

1 SEE the gleams of daylight swim
On the heaving ocean’s brim !
Now the waves are gilded o'er
With the golden beams still more.
See ! the gathering lustre shines
On the mountain’s loftiest pines :
And the far-off village spires
Redden in the kindling fires.

2 God hath made the sun to shine —
Image of his love divine ;
Thus his rays of mercy fall
Liberally alike on all ;
Thus he lights our happy way
Through the labors of the day —
And when all our cares are past,
Guides us to his rest at last.

76 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*

[7s & 6s.]

TUNE—"Missionary Hymn."

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle —
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ! —
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn :
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high —
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny ? —
Salvation ! — oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;

* Written on the eve of the author's departure from England to Calcutta.

Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

BP. HEBER.

77**The Pure in Heart.***

[S. M.] TUNE—"Olmutz." "Mornington."

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is his abode.

- 2 Still, to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart,
 And, for his temple and his throne,
 Selects the pure in heart.

78**Heaven.**

[C. M.] TUNE—"Lanesboro."

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast —
 'Tis found alone in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven : —
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven ;

* Vide Matt. v. 8.

3 Then faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. TAPPAN.*

79

Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

[6s & 7s.]

AIR—"Come to the sunset tree."

1 COME to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reapers' work is done.
 The twilight star to heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us is given
 By the cool, soft evening hours.

2 Sweet is the hour of rest !
 Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie.
 When the burden and the heat
 Of labor's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door.

* Born in Beverly Mass., 1795, and died in 1849.

3 Yes, tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs ;
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows.
 But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever night-fall gave,
 Our longing hearts shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave.

4 There shall no tempest blow,
 No scorching noon-tide beat ;
 There shall be no more snow,
 No weary, wandering feet ;
 So we lift our trusting eyes
 From the hills our fathers trod,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God.

MRS. F. HEMANS.

80

Saturday Evening.

[7s.] TUNE—“ *Safely through another week.* ”

1 SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath day ;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Through the week our praise demand ;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Fed and guided by thy hand,
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night in thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear ;
 Blest may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

81

Heaven.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Arlington." "Albion."

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all ;—

3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

DR. WATTS.

82

Trust in Providence.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"The Pilot."

1 O PILOT, 'tis a fearful night ;
 There's danger on the deep,
 I'll come and pace the deck with thee —
 I do not dare to sleep.

“ Go down,” the sailor cried, “ go down ;
 This is no place for thee ;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayest be.”

- 2 Ah, Pilot, dangers often met,
 We all are apt to slight,
 And thou hast known these raging waves
 But to subdue their might.
 “ It is not apathy !” he cried,
 “ That gives this strength to me ;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayest be.”
- 3 “ On such a night the sea engulfed
 My father’s lifeless form ;
 My only brother’s boat went down
 In just so wild a storm.
 And such, perhaps, may be my fate ;
 But still I say to thee !
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayest be.”

T. H. BAYLEY.

83 The Vanity of the World.

[L. M.]

TUNE—“ *Averno.* ” “ *Arcola.* ”

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies !
 How transient every earthly bliss !
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this !
- 2 The evening cloud — the morning dew —
 The withering grass — the fading flower —
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true —
 The glory of a passing hour !

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land, whose confines lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears ;
 If God be ours, we're travelling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

CH. PSALMODY.

84 “When shall we meet again?”

[6s & 5s.] TUNE—*See the “Choir,” p. 329.*

1 WHEN shall we meet again ?
 Meet ne'er to sever ?
 When will peace wreath her chain
 Round us for ever ?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose,
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes —
 Never — no, never !

2 When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river !
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless for ever ?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill —
 Never — no, never !

3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour ;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy for ever :

Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel —
 Never — no, never !

- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever ;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us for ever ;
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from worldly woes,
 Our songs of praise shall close —
 Never — no, never !

85

The Light House.

[11s & 10s.] AIR—See Kingsley's *S. Choir*, vol. 2, p. 126.

- 1 THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it ;
 The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arched
 sky
 Looked pure as the Spirit that made it ;
 The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
 In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant hill, till the light-house fire
 blazed,
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

- 2 No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest ;
 The fisherman had sunk to his slumbers.
 One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope —
 All hushed was the billows' commotion —
 And thought that the light-house looked lovely as
 hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

- 3 The time is long passed, and the scene is afar,
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the bollow.
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion —
 O ! then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean !

T. MOORE.

86 Petition for Divine Favors.

[L. P. M.]

TUNE—“*Brighton.*”

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares,
 Will bring its trials, or its cares,
 O Father, till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend ;
 Teach me thy statutes all divine,
 And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy richly blest,
 Guard me, my Father, while I rest :
 And as each morning sun shall rise,
 O lead me onward to the skies !
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labors done —
 Father, thine heavenly radiance shed
 To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 “To see thy face and sing thy praise.”

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

87 Prayer on entering School.

[S. M.] TUNE—"Boylston." "Watchman."

- 1 LORD, lead my heart to learn ;
Prepare my ears to hear ;
And let me useful knowledge seek,
In thy most holy fear.

- 2 If unforgiven sin
Within my bosom lies,
Or evil motives linger there
To offend thy perfect eyes,

- 3 Remove them far away —
Inspire me with thy love,
That I may please thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

88 Evening Aspiration.

[7s & 4s.] TUNE—See the "Choir," p. 320.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

BP. HEBER.

89

Prayer for Divine Aid.

[C. M.] TUNE — “*Dedham.*” “*Clarendon.*”

- 1 BE thou, O God! by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,
My Life, my Trust, my Light Divine,
To keep me pure within.
- 2 Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines,
And active as the lark, that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.
- 3 So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings
'Midst light from paradise.

90

Let us Love One Another.

[12s.] AIR — “*Araby's Daughter.*”

- 1 LET us love one another — not long may we stay
In this bleak world of mourning — so brief is life's
day;
Some fade ere 't is noon, and few linger till eve ;
Oh ! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one
to grieve ;
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget ;
Then oh ! though the hopes that we nourished de-
cay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

- 2 There are hearts like the ivy — though all be decayed,
 Which it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade ;
 Yet droop not its leaves—but still gayly they spread,
 Undimmed 'midst the blighted, the lonely and dead ;
 And the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
 But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart,
 Exists but to twine it, and drink the same dew;
 Or to fall with its loved oak and perish there too.
- 3 Thus we'll love one another, midst sorrow the worst,
 Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first —
 Though the false wing of pleasure may charge and forsake,
 And the bright urn of wealth into particles break ;
 There are some sweet affections that earth cannot buy,
 That cling but the closer when sorrow draws nigh,
 And remain with us yet, though all else pass away—
 Yes—we'll love one another as long as we stay.

91**The Goodness of God.***

[7s.]

TUNE—"Wilmot."

1 LET us with a joyful mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all commanding might,
 Filled the new made world with light ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

* *Vide Ps. cxxxvi.* This hymn was written when the author was but fifteen years of age.

- 3 He his chosen race did bless
 In the wasteful wilderness ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
 Looked upon our misery ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 All things living he doth feed ;
 His full hand supplies their need ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us therefore warble forth
 His high majesty and worth ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON.

92

Sweet is the Scene.

[L. M.] TUNE—"Whiteland." "Hebron."

- 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,—
 How mildly beams the closing eye,
 How gently heaves the expiring breath.
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
 Fanned by some angel's purple wing ;
 Where is, O grave ! thy victory now ?
 And where, insidious death, thy sting ?

MRS. L. BARBAULD.

93

The Hour of Prayer.

[7s.] TUNE—*See Kingsley's S. Choir, vol. 1, p. 84.*

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.
- 2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell,
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.
- 3 Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie ;
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. F. HEMANS.

94

The Glory of God.*

[L. M.]

TUNE—“*Cephas.*”

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

* Vide Ps. xix.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ; —
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What ! though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball —
 What ! though nor real voice, nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found —
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing as they shine,
 “THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.”

JOSEPH ADDISON.

95

The Birth of the Saviour.

[8s & 7s.]

TUNE—“*Abba.*” “*Wilmot.*”

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
 “Glory in the highest, glory,
 Glory be to God most high.”

- 3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 “Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,”
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;
 Oh, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name and taste his joy,
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high.

CAWOOD.

96 The Matin Hour of Devotion.

[L. M.] TUNE—“*Illa.*” “*Ashford.*”

- 1 ERE falls the stealing step of dawn,
 The night’s soft dew on her brown wings,
 Uprises from her nest, the lark,
 And soaring to the sunlight, sings.
- 2 Thus may my soul sing on, and soar
 Where sight tracks not her flight sublime,
 Morn, noon, sweet eve, and ever in
 This cool and fragrant hour of prime.
- 3 For though the world enclose me round,
 Strong Faith can carry me abroad,
 Where shines my home, Jerusalem,
 The glorious dwelling-place of God !
- 4 Then let my soul sing on and soar
 Above the world, beyond all time,
 And dwell in that pure light, and breathe
 The air from that celestial clime.

5 Sing on and soar, sing on and soar
 Till, through the crystal gates of heaven,
 No longer closed in upper skies,
 Thou enter in to sing, Forgiven !

97 Our Refuge in Temptation.*

[7s.]

TUNE—“*Rosetto.*”

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none —
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

W. COWPER.

98 Retirement.

[C. M.]

TUNE—“*Coventry.*” “*Lima.*”

- 1 THE calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree,

* “Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—JESUS CHRIST.

And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow Thee.

- 2 There, if thy spirit touch the soul
 And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God.
- 3 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness to her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

W. COWPER.

99

Morning Devotion.

[11s & 8s.] TUNE—“*Come, ye disconsolate.*”

- 1 FATHER of mercies, when the day is dawning,
 Then will I pay my vows to thee ;
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning
 My heart-felt praise to thee shall be.
- 2 Yes — Thou art near me, sleeping or waking,
 Still doth thy love unchanged remain,
Where'er I wander, thy ways forsaking,
 Oh gently lead me back again.

100

Saturday Evening.

[L. P. M.] TUNE—“*St. Paul's.*” “*Palestine.*”

- 1 SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
 That ushers placid evening in,
When with still expiring day,

The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin :
 How grateful to the anxious breast
 The sacred hours of holy rest !

- 2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
 And worldly cares and business cease,
 While soft the vesper breezes play,
 To hymn the glad return of peace !
 Delightful season, kindly given
 To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.
- 3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
 Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things
 And bear them to my heavenly home,
 On faith and hope's celestial wings —
 Till the last gleam of life decay
 In one eternal Sabbath day.

101 A Warning from the Grave.

[C. M.] TUNE—“Heath.” “Acushnet.”

1 BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given :
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven !

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 And lurks in every flower ;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn !—thy dangers know :
 Where'er thy foot can tread
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead !

B.P. HEBER.

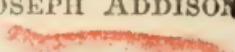
102

God Our Shepherd.*

TUNE — “*Yoakley.*” “*Gentle Shepherd.*”See also Nason’s “*Vocal Class Book,*” p. 146.

- 1** THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd’s care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2** When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3** Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread.
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4** Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around

JOSEPH ADDISON

* Vide Ps. xxiii.

103

The World of Light.*

[S. M.] TUNE—"Laban." "Frothingham."

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.
- 4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 5 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

MRS. ANNE STEELE.

104 Delight in the Worship of God.

[C. M.] TUNE—"Moreh." "Arlington."

- 1 WE love thy holy temple, Lord,
For there thou deign'st to dwell ;

* Vide Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

And there the heralds of thy word
Of all thy mercies tell.

- 2 There, in thy pure and cleansing fount,
Washed from each guilty stain,
Our souls on wings of faith shall mount
To heaven's eternal fane.
- 3 Around thine altar we will kneel
In penitence sincere,
A Saviour's mercy deeply feel,
And words of pardon hear; —
- 4 Or, mingling with the choral throng,
Our joyful voices raise,
And pour the full, melodious song,
In notes of grateful praise.

PRATT'S COLL.

105

Time.*

[L. M.] TUNE—“Dunfield.” “Brighton.”

- 1 TIME speeds away — away — away ;
Another hour — another day —
Another month — another year —
Drop from us like the leaflets sear ;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts :
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.
- 2 Time speeds away — away — away ;
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower ;

* Vide Job ix. 25, 26.

And sweeps from our distracted breast
 The friends that loved — the friends that bless'd ;
 And leaves us weeping on the shore,
 To which they can return no more.

- 3 Time speeds away — away — away ;
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind, along the hills can flee
 So swiftly, or so smooth as he ;
 Like fiery steed — from stage to stage
 He bears us on — from youth to age ;
 Then plunges in a fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

DR. KNOX.

106

My Father's House.

[C. M.]

AIR—“Auld Lang Syne.”

- 1 THERE is a place of waveless rest,
 Far, far beyond the skies,
 Where beauty smiles eternally
 And pleasure never dies ;
 My father's house, my heavenly home !
 Where “many mansions” stand,
 Prepared by hands divine, for all
 Who seek “the better land.”

- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
 With fear on every side —
 When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
 And foams the angry tide ;
 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth the light of morn,
 Bright beaming from my Father's house,
 To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete ;
 There, there adieu are sounds unknown,
 Death frowns not on that scene,
 But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
 Untroubled and serene.

ROBERT TURNBULL.

107

Mysteries of Providence.*

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Arlington." "Hermon."

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

* For the theme of this fine hymn, see John xiii. 7.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

108

The Sky Lark.

[L. P. M.]

TUNE—“*Hingham.*”

- 1 THE sky-lark, when the dews of morn
 Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
 And violets round his nest exhale
 Their fragrance on the early gale,
 To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,
 Buoyant with joy, and soars, and sings.
- 2 He rests not on the leafy spray,
 To warble his exulting lay,
 But high above the mountain cloud
 Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,
 And swells, when nearest to the sky,
 His notes of sweetest ecstasy.
- 3 Thus, my Creator ! thus the more
 My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,
 The more she triumphs to behold
 Thy love in all thy works unfold,
 And bids her hymns of rapture be
 Most glad, when rising most to Thee.

MRS. F. HEMANS.

109

Tell me, Wanderer!

[8s & 7s.]

AIR—“*Bounding billows.*”

- 1 TELL me, wanderer ! wildly roving
 From the path that leads to peace,

Pleasure's false enchantments loving —
When will thy delusion cease ?

- 2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I, too, knelt at pleasure's shrine ;
Once, too, all my hopes were founded
In delights as false as thine !
- 3 Then — the moments flew unheeded,
As the wave that rolls along ;
Soon as one bright hope succeeded,
Came another smiling on !
- 4 But those cloudless hours that blessed me,
Vanished as a dream when o'er ;
And the world that once caressed me,
Charmed me with its smiles no more.
- 5 Such is pleasure's transient story ! —
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory ! —
In the Saviour's love alone.

110

The End of Affliction.

[11s & 8s.]

TUNE—“Ephesus.”

- 1 THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn,
Stern winter the spring-time endears,
And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn,
The brighter the rainbow appears.
- 2 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare,
For the rest that remaineth above ;
On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
The smile of unchangeable love.

FORD.

111

The Winter is Over.*

[8s.]

TUNE—"Spring."

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found,
In praising to take less delight ?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute !
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell !
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell !
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring ;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

HAWES.

112

When the Orb of Morn.

[8s & 7s.] TUNE—"When the rosy morn appearing."

- 1 WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell ;
When the dim horizon brightens,
And the serried clouds dispel ;
And the sun-flower eastward bending,
Its fidelity to prove ;—
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is LOVE.

* Vide Cant. ii. 11.

2 When the vesper-star is beaming
 In the coronet of even ;
 And the lake and river gleaming,
 With the ruddy hues of heaven ;
 When a thousand notes are blending
 In the forest and the grove ; —
 Be thy gratitude ascending
 Unto Him whose name is LOVE.

3 When the stars appear in millions
 In the portals of the west,
 Brightly spangling the pavilions
 Where the blessed are at rest ;
 When the milky-way is glowing
 In the cope of heaven above ; —
 Let thy gratitude be flowing
 Unto Him whose name is LOVE.

VEDDER.

113 Lauded be Thy Name forever.

[8s.] TUNE—See the “Psaltery,” p. 252.

1 LAUDED be Thy name forever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
 Blest are they Thou kindly keepest ;
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the rainbow and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock and river,
 Lauded be Thy name forever !

2 God of evening’s yellow ray,
 God of yonder dawning day,
 Rising from the azure sea,
 Like breathings of eternity, —

Thine the flaming spheres of light —
 Thine the darkness of the night ;
 God of life that fadeth never,
 Lauded be Thy name forever !

JAMES HOGG

114

An Autumnal Song.

[8s & 7s.]

TUNE—"Ball." "Greenville."^{*}

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered to the ground ;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound :

2 " Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the path of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.

3 " What though yet no losses grieve you —
 Gay with health and many a grace ;
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to Autumn place."

4 On the tree of life eternal
 Let our highest hopes be stayed.
 This alone, forever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

BP. HORNE.

115

Parting Hymn at School.*

[10s.]

TUNE—"Savannah."

1 ONCE more to thee, O God of love and power,
 In whom alone all creatures live and move,

* Composed and sung at an Anniversary of Bradford Female Seminary.

We come together, in this parting hour,
Thine aid to ask — Thy soothing grace to prove.

- 2 Soon must we turn our tearful eyes away
From scenes to faithful memory well endeared
By record fair of many a happy day,
Of loved companions, and of guides revered.
- 3 Conflicting thoughts, in strong and rapid tide,
At once constrain us to rejoice and grieve ;
Hope and regret our struggling hearts divide, —
The homes we long for, and the friends we leave.
- 4 Father ! accept our grateful song of praise,
For the pure pleasure we have tasted here ;
And shine Thou now on our divergent ways,
Our steps to guide, our drooping souls to cheer.
- 5 On swift, though soft and silent, pinions borne,
The fair and fragrant morn of life departs ;
Nor shall its brilliant visions e'er return
To soothe the pain of disappointed hearts !
- 6 Yet there's one hope shall never fail —
One spring of comfort that shall never dry !
That hope is anchored fast, "within the vail"—
That spring is flowing from the throne on high.
- 7 O, be that heavenly hope, that comfort, ours !
Here at Thy footstool, as we humbly bend,
We yield our souls with all their deathless powers,
And choose Thee as our Guardian and our Friend.
- 8 Through all the untried scenes of future years,
Aid us this high and solemn vow to pay ;
Till, far beyond this shadowy vail of tears,
We meet to "LIVE and LOVE" in endless day !

116 Our Father in Heaven.

[6s & 5s.]

AIR—“*Adeste Fideles.*”

1 OUR Father in heaven,
 We hallow Thy name !
 May Thy kingdom holy
 On earth be the same !
 O give to us daily
 Our portion of bread ;
 It is from Thy bounty
 That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
 And teach us to know
 That humble compassion
 Which pardons each foe :
 Keep us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin,
 And Thine be the glory
 For ever — Amen.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

117 I will be Glad in the Lord.

[C. M.]

TUNE—“*Phillips.*” “*Howard.*”

1 WHEN morning’s first and hallowed ray
 Breaks with its trembling light,
 To chase the pearly dews away,
 Bright tear-drops of the night,—

2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
 But rises gladly free
 On wings of everlasting love,
 And finds its home in Thee.

- 3 When evening's silent shades descend,
 And nature sinks to rest,
 Still to my Father and my Friend
 My wishes are addressed.
- 4 Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
 And bid my pleasures flee,
 Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy,
 I will be glad in Thee.

118

Canadian Boat Song.

[8s & 9s.]

TUNE—"Canadian Boat Song."

- 1 FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time ;
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn ;
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.
- 2 Why should we yet our sails unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, etc.
- 3 Utáwas tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon ;
 Father in heaven, hear our prayer,
 Grant us cool winds and favoring air !
 Blow, breezes, blow, etc.

T. MOORE.

119 Hark, the Vesper Hymn is Stealing.

[8s & 7s.]

AIR—"Vesper hymn."

- 1 HARK, the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters, soft and clear —
 Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
 Now it bursts upon the ear.
 Jubilate, Jubilate — Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear.
 Farther now, etc.
- 2 Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along ;
 Now like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.
 Jubilate, Jubilate, — Amen.
 Hark again, like waves retreating
 To the shore it dies along.
 Hark again, etc.

T. MOORE.

120 The Rainbow.

[4s & 10s.]

TUNE—"Trust in Heaven."

- 1 My soul were dark
 But for the golden light and rainbow hue
 That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
 Break on the view.
- 2 Enough to feel
 That God indeed is good ! enough to know
 Without the gloomy clouds He could reveal
 No beauteous bow.

W. CROSWELL.

121 Save ! Lord, or We Perish !*

[12s.]

TUNE—“*Scotland.*”

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker ; “ Save, Lord ! or we perish.”
- 2 O Jesus ! once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow ;
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, “ Save, Lord, or we perish.”
- 3 And, O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging ;
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish ;
Rebuke the destroyer ; “ Save, Lord, or we perish.”

BP. HEBER.

122 Peace ! Troubled Soul.

[L. P. M.]

TUNE—“*Palestine.*”

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe ;
Cease thy complaint — suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow ;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

* Vide Matt. xiv. 30.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
 Unburden here thy weighty load ;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 And trust the mercy of thy God ;
 He is thy Saviour — glorious word !
 For ever love and praise the Lord.

123

Coronation.*

[C. M.]

TUNE—“Coronation,” by Holden.

1 ALL hail the great Emmanuel’s name !

Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe

On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O, that with yonder sacred throng,

We at His feet may fall ;
 We’ll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

124

Death and Immortality.

[8s & 4s.] TUNE—Vide “Psaltery,” p. 247.

Also “Nason’s Vocal Class Book,” p. 147.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,

A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

* This hymn was a great favorite of the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the college choir while he, “catching, as it were, the inspiration of the heavenly music, would join and lead them with the most ardent devotion.” Vide the “Choir,” p. 91.

- 2 The storm that wrecks the winter's sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose.
 - 3 The soul, of origin divine ;
 God's glorious image freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A star of day.
 - 4 The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor of the sky ;
 The soul, immortal as its SIRE,
 Shall never die !

J. MONTGOMERY.

125 What Secret Hand at Morning Light?

[C. M.] TUNE—"Elliott." "Phillips."

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?
 - 2 'Tis Thine, my God — the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
 - 3 'Tis Thine — my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
 - 4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat,

That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold and heat.

- 5 May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to Thine holy hill,
And to Thy dwelling place.

J. MONTGOMERY.

126

Evening Hymn.

[S. M.] TUNE—"Watchman." "Boylston."

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

ANON.

127**The Bible.**

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Balerma."

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

128**Thy Will be Done.**TUNE — *Vide the "Psaltery," p. 346.*

- 1 "THY will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run ;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
" Thy will be done."
- 2 "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine —
" Thy will be done."
- 3 "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours: To breathe while we adore,
" Thy will we done."

DR. BOWRING.

129

The Happy Land.

AIR—“I have come from a happy land.”

See Nason's “Vocal Class Book,” p. 67.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
“Worthy is our Saviour king,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.”
- 2 Come to the happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why yet delay ?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die ;
Then shall His kingdom come,
Saints shall share a glorious home,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

ANON.

130**A Morning Hymn.**

[L. M.]

TUNE—“*Silver Lake.*”

- 1** GOD of the morning, at Thy voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice,
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2** From the fair chambers of the east,
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness, or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3** O, like the sun may I fulfil
 The appointed duties of the day,
 With ready mind, and active will,
 March on and keep my heavenly way.

DR. WATTS.

131**Evening Worship.**

[C. M.]

TUNE—“*Evening Song.*”*

- 1** Now condescend, almighty King,
 To bless this little throng ;
 And kindly listen, while we sing
 Our pleasant evening song.
- 2** We come to own Thy power divine,
 That watches o'er our days ;
 For this our grateful voices join
 In hymns of cheerful praise.

* Vide the “*Psalmodist,*” p. 103.

- 3 May we in safety sleep to night,
 From every danger free ;
 Because the darkness and the light,
 Are both alike to Thee.
- 4 And when the rising sun displays
 His cheerful beams abroad,
 Then shall our morning hymns of praise
 Declare Thy goodness, Lord.
- 5 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
 Our lips together move ;
 Then smile upon this cheerful band
 And join our hearts in love.

MISS JANE TAYLOR.

132

A National Hymn.

AIR—"Scots wha hae."

- 1 CLIME ! beneath whose genial sun
 Kings were quelled and freedom won :
 Where the dust of Washington
 Sleeps in glory's bed.
- 2 Heroes from thy sylvan shade
 Changed the plough for battle blade —
 Holy men for thee have prayed —
 Patriot martyrs bled.
- 3 Crownless Judah mourns in gloom —
 Greece lies slumbering in the tomb —
 Rome hath shorn her eagle plume,
 Lost her conquering name.
- 4 Youthful nation of the west,
 Rise ! with truer greatness blest,
 Sainted bands from realms of rest,
 Watch thy bright'ning fame.

5 Empire of the brave and free !
 Stretch thy sway from sea to sea ;
 Who shall bid thee bend the knee,
 To a tyrant's throne.

6 Knowledge is thine armor bright —
 Liberty thy beacon light —
 God himself thy shield of might,
 Bow to Him alone.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

133 O, Happy is the Man who Hears.*

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Balerma."

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are,
 Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
 Immortal, happy days ;
 Her left, imperishable wealth,
 And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And as her holy labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

DR. WATTS.

* Vide Prov. iii. 13--17.

134 Love God with all your Soul, etc.*

[C. M.]

TUNE—“*Chimes.*”

- 1** LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
 With all your heart and mind ;
 And love your neighbor as yourself —
 Be faithful, just, and kind.

- 2** Deal with another as you'd have
 Another deal with you ;
 What you're unwilling to receive,
 Be sure you never do.

DR. WATTS.

135 Help Obtained of God.

[L. M.]

TUNE—“*Hamburg.*”Vide Nason's “*Vocal Class Book,*” p. 119.

- 1** GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand :
 The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
 Let mercy crown it till its close.

- 2** By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God ;
 By His incessant bounty fed ;
 By His unerring counsel led.

- 3** With grateful hearts the past we own :
 The future — all to us unknown —
 We to Thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

RIPPON'S COLL.

* Vide Matt. xxii. 37-39.

136 Power and Goodness of God.

[C. M.]

TUNE — “*Balerma.*” “*Mear.*”

- 1 I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good !
- 4 There's not a plant, or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

DR. WATTS.

137 Christ the Shepherd of His Flock.

[7s.]

TUNE — “*Pleyel's Hymn.*”

- 1 SHEPHERD of Thy little flock,
Lead me to the shadowing rock,
Where the richest pasture grows,
Where the living water flows.

- 2 By that pure and silent stream,
 Sheltered from the scorching beam ;
 Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
 Keep me ever near Thy side.

138

Hymn of Nature.

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Missionary Chant."

- 1 To Thee, O God, in grateful praise
 All Nature wakes harmonious lays ;
 The rolling flood, beast, bird and bee,
 Join in perpetual praise to Thee.
- 2 The opening flower that scents the morn ;
 The breeze that bends the waving corn ;
 The dew-drop trembling in the sun,
 Praise Thee for all Thy hand hath done.
- 3 The mighty orbs that roll on high —
 The rainbow arching o'er the sky —
 The ocean's deep and solemn tide,
 In ceaseless numbers praise their Guide.
- 4 Heaven, Earth, and Main in one glad song,
 Their Maker's glorious praise prolong —
 And angels catch the strain above,
 And tune their golden harps to Love.
- 5 Our tongues, Great God, adoring Thee,
 Shall join the general symphony :
 While our Redeemer's lofty praise
 Shall be the Chorus which we raise.

E. NASON.

139**Resignation.**

[C. M.]

TUNE—“Howard.”

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here !

- 2 O, grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world’s supremest gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

- 3 Then though Thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The very Hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

EDMESTON.

140**Dismission.**

[8s & 7s.] TUNE—“Sicilian Hymn.” “Greenville.”

LORD ! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, Thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel’s joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

BURDER.

141**Serenity.**

[L. M.]

TUNE—“*Oxford.*”

- 1** REFLECTED on the lake, I love
 To see the stars of evening glow ;
 So tranquil in the heavens above,
 So restless in the wave below.
- 2** Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
 But earthly hope, how bright so e'er,
 Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
 As false and fleeting, as 'tis fair.

Bp. HEBER.

142**What is Prayer?**

[C. M.]

TUNE—“*Balerma.*”

- 1** PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2** Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3** Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4** Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say—“ Behold, he prays.”

J. MONTGOMERY.

143 "Glad hearts to Thee we bring."

[6s & 4s.]

TUNE—"America."

1 GLAD hearts to Thee we bring,
With joy Thy name we sing,
 Father above !
Creation praises Thee,
On all around we see
 Tokens of love.

2 Giver of all our powers !
Now, in life's morning hours,
 May they be Thine !
Pure and from error free,
An offering worthy Thee,
 Father Divine.

144

Humility.

[L. M.]

TUNE—"Malvern."

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
 O, why should mortal man be proud ?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

4 God of my life ! Father divine !
 Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
 In modest worth, O, let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

DR. W. ENFIELD.

145 Heavenly Father ! grant thy blessing.

[8s & 7s.] TUNE—"Greenville." "Sicily."

1 HEAVENLY Father ! grant thy blessing
 On the teaching of this day ;
 That our hearts, Thy fear possessing,
 May from sin be turned away.

2 Have we wandered ? O, forgive us !
 Have we wished from truth to rove ?
 Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,
 And incline us truth to love !

146 Morning Hymn.

[7s.] TUNE—"Adina," by Winter.

1 Now the shades of night are gone,
 Now the morn of light is come ;
 Lord, may we be thine to-day ;
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
 Banish doubt and clear our sight ;
 In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
 May we labor, watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
 Save us from our foes around ;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep us safe from every sin.

147

Gratitude and Praise.

[C. M.]

TUNE—"Phillips."

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
 Amidst the darkest hours,
 Bright rays of comfort shine between,
 And thorns are mix'd with flowers.
- 2 This thought can all my fear control,
 And bid my sorrow fly ;
 No harm can ever reach my soul,
 Beneath my Father's eye.
- 3 Is blooming health my happy share ?
 O, may I bless my God !
 Thy goodness let my song declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

ANON.

SECULAR SONGS.

1

Meeting of School.

[9s & 8s.] AIR—*See Boston S. S. Book, p. 87.*

1 To all our loved circle a greeting !
 Here joyful and true we unite ;
 While here in all harmony meeting,
 The roses of life shall bloom bright.

2 Yet, springeth the rose bush, Oh ! never !
 Without the rude thorn on its bough ;
 The summer breeze stays not for ever,
 For soon will the winter wind blow.

3 But Friendship shall drive away sadness,
 And love fill our bosoms with joy ;
 While singing together in gladness,
 Our happiness none shall destroy.

2

"Oh, how Brightly."

TUNE—"Swiss Boy."

1 O ! how brightly, how brightly the sun moves along,
 From the east to the west, through the sky ;
 Oh ! how lovely, how lovely the moon looks among
 All the stars as they sparkle on high.
 These glorious lights to us were given,
 To raise our thoughts from earth to heav'n :—
 O ! how brightly, how brightly they all move along,
 Shedding light o'er the world from on high.

- 2 O ! how swiftly, how swiftly the bird flies away,
 To his home in the tall forest tree ;
 O, how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
 And is happy as happy can be !
 'Tis thus he tells of favors given.
 And while he sings, he soars to heav'n : —
 Oh ! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
 In his nest on the tall forest tree.
- 4 And the roses, the roses and lilies so fair,
 Which we pluck from the green fields in May,
 Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the fresh morn-
 ing air,
 And to us as they bloom, seem to say,
 By whom their sweet perfume was given,
 And thus they send it back to heav'n : —
 O ! the roses, the roses, and lilies so fair,
 Fill the air, fill the air, all the day.

3

Pity's Tear.

[8s & 7s.]

TUNE—“Mount Vernon.”

- 1 SOFTLY beam the dews of morning
 On each graceful, budding stem :
 Rich as orient pearls adorning
 Persia’s proudest diadem.
- 2 Brightly in the dome of heaven
 Shine the stars with golden crest :
 Smiling ’mid the blue of even,
 On the ocean’s mirrored breast.
- 3 But more soft, more brightly beaming
 Is the pearl-drop mild and meek,
 In love’s hallowed radiance gleaming —
 Pity’s tear on Beauty’s cheek.

4

Those Evening Bells.

TUNE—*See Kingsley's S. Choir, vol. ii, p. 20.*

- 1 THOSE evening bells — those evening bells —
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime.
- 2 Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
- 3 And so 'twill be when I am gone :
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

T. MOORE.

5

Lang Syne at School.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

- 1 SHALL school acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne ?

For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
- 2 We oft have run about the fields,
And culled the flowers so fine ;
We'll ne'er forget these hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

- 3 We oft have cheered each other's task,
 From morn till day's decline ;
 But memory's night shall never rest
 On auld lang syne,
 For auld lang syne, etc.
- 4 Then take the hand that now is warm,
 Within a hand of thine ;
 No distant day shall loose the grasp,
 Of auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

6

Temperance Hymn.

[12s & 11s.] AIR—“*The Old Oaken Bucket.*”

- 1 How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents to my view
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood
 near it ;
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
- 2 That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure ;
 For often at noon when return'd from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,

And soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

- 3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As pois'd on the curb, it inclined to my lips ;
 Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Tho' fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips ;
 And now far remov'd from the lov'd situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well,
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in his well.

S. WOODWORTH.

7

Pleasant Words.

AIR—"Woodstock."

- 1 A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
 A motion or a tear,
 Has often healed the heart that's broken,
 And made a friend sincere.
- 2 A word—a look—has crush'd to earth,
 Full many a budding flower,
 Which had a smile but owned its birth,
 Would bless life's darkest hour.
- 3 Then deem it not an idle thing,
 A pleasant word to speak ;
 The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
 A heart may heal or break.

D. C. COLESWORTHY.

8

Silver Lake.

AIR—"Silver Lake."

Vide Nason's "Vocal Class Book," p. 78.

- 1 On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.
- 2 On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.
- 3 The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.
- 4 How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror, spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.
- 5 On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
O ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

DR. JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

9

The Meeting of the Waters.

[12s.]

AIR—"Araby's Daughter."

- 1 THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;

O the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
 heart ;
 Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,—
 'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh no ! it was something more exquisite still :

- 2 'Twas the friends, the beloved of my bosom were
 near,
 Who made each dear scene of enchantment more
 dear ;
 And who felt how the blest charms of nature im-
 prove,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we
 love ;
 Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world
 shall cease,
 And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace.

T. MOORE.

10

The Singers' Invitation.

TUNE—"Vocal Class Book," p. 80.

- 1 Come, come, come,
 Silver lay,
 Measure gay,
 Chasing every care away ;
 Voices free,
 Joyously,
 Swell in harmony ;
 Every eye is beaming bright,
 Every heart is leaping light ;

Happy throng,
Quickly join
In the merry song.

- 2 Come, come, come,
Not a tear,
Not a fear,
Ever mars our pleasure here ;
Sweet the strain,
Wakes again,
Soothing every pain ;
Lively notes our tongues employ,
All united know the joy ;
Hearts rebound,
To the sound,
Floating all around.

E. NASON.



11

"Hail Columbia."

TUNE—See the "Odeon."

- 1 HAIL, Columbia, happy land !
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause ;
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won :
Let Independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize ;
Let its altar reach the skies !

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty ;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and plenty we shall find.

2 Sound, sound the trump of fame!

Let GEORGE WASHINGTON's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause ;
 Ring through the world with loud applause !
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, with steady power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
 The happier time of honest peace.

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty ;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and plenty we shall find.

12

Be Kind.

- 1 BE kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
 He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
 And joined in thy innocent glee.
- 2 Be kind to thy mother, for lo ! on her brow,
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;
 O well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
 For loving and kind hath she been.
- 3 Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
 If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
 The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
 If the dews of affection be gone.
- 4 Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
 The depth of true sisterly love ;
 The wealth of the ocean, lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.

- 5 Be kind to thy teachers, the burden they bear,
 Their spirits are wearing away ;
 No price for their labor so precious appears,
 As the kindness they meet day by day.
- 6 Be kind to thy school-mates, not long canst thou be
 With school-mates to study or play ;
 Thy kindness will make thee more happy and free,
 When school pleasures vanish away.

13

"Oft in the Stilly Night."TUNE—See "*Juvenile Choir*," p. 72.

- 1 **OFT** in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
 The smiles and tears of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
- 2 When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed.

Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

T. MOORE.

14

Morning.

TUNE*—See *Baker's "School Music Book," p. 94.*

Night, shade no longer
 Nature entrances ;
 Darkness retiring
 Hastens away.
 Beaming with brightness
 Morning advances ;
 Smiling with pleasure,
 Welcomes the day.

15

The Evening Bell.

AIR—See *"Song Book of the S. Room," p. 54.*

1 Hark ! the pealing,
 Softly stealing
 Evening bell
 Sweetly echoes
 Down the dell.

* This beautiful strain of music is from "Moise in Egitto" by Rossini. The words are a free translation of the following stanza.

" La dolce aurora
 Che il ciel colora,
 Promette un giorno
 Più bello ancor."

-
- 2 Welcome, welcome
Is thy music,
 Silvery bell,
Sweetly telling
 Day's farewell.
- 3 Day is sleeping,
Flowers are weeping
 Tears of dew ;
Stars are peeping
 Ever true.
- 4 Grove and mountain,
Field and fountain,
 Faintly gleam
In the ruddy
 Sunset beam.
- 5 Happy hour,
May thy power
 Fill my breast,
Each wild passion
 Soothe to rest.

16

Winter.

TUNE—“*Cracovienne.*”

SOLO.

- 1 O'er frost and snow, a weary way,
I come my tribute here to pay ;
To mingle in the joyous throng,
And lengthen out the merry song.

CHORUS.

- 2 We bid thee welcome, gentle maid,
In robes of fur, so rich arrayed,

Our hearts in love around thee cling,
Exulting in the joys you bring.

SOLO.

- 3 From icy caves and regions drear,
From crystal grottoes, cold and clear,
I've gathered many a radiant gem,
To glitter on this diadem.

CHORUS.

- 4 Through many a clear and happy day,
O'er earth and sea shalt thou bear sway ;
And we our voices glad will raise
To swell the chorus of thy praise.

17

Summer.

AIR—See Baker's "School Music Book," p. 134.

- 1 Summer is breathing
 Sweets on the gale ;
Roses are blooming
 Fresh in our vale ;
The sunbeams are playing
 O'er the blue sea ;
Bright as the glances
 Thine eye gave me.

- 2 Yet I must leave thee,
 Weeping, alone ;
None to watch o'er thee,
 When I am gone.
And long ere to-morrow,
 Away shall I be,
Friendless, forsaken,
 Far, love, from thee.

ANON.

18**Autumn.**

TUNE—See “*Vocal Class Book*,” p. 86.

SOLO.

- 1 I come from woodlands, roaming
O'er the fields at early morn ;
Where the harvesters are binding
Their golden sheaves of corn.

CHORUS.

- 2 Welcome, dear, delightful stranger,
Leading plenty in thy train ;
Long in distant climes a ranger,
Come and smile on us again.

SOLO.

- 3 I come from vineyards gleaming,
With the purple of the vine ;
From the forest brightly beaming
With the tints of its decline.

CHORUS.

- 4 In thy beauteous robes revealing,
Nature's bountiful domain,
While the grateful tear is stealing,
Reassume thy gentle reign.

19**Bird of the Greenwood.**

TUNE—See *Nason's “Vocal Class Book”*, p. 136.

- 1 Bird of the greenwood,
O why art thou here ?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near ;

All thy sweet waters
 Far hence are at play ;
 Bird of the greenwood,
 Away, away.

2 Midst the wild billows,
 Thy place must not be ;
 But midst the wavings
 Of wild rose and tree.
 How shouldst thou battle
 With storm and with spray ?
 Bird of the greenwood,
 Away, away.

3 Or art thou seeking
 Some brighter land,
 Where by the south wind,
 Vine leaves are fanned ?
 Midst the wild billows,
 Why then delay ?
 Bird of the greenwood,
 Away, away.

4 Chide not my lingering
 When waves are dark ;
 A hand that hath nursed me
 Is in the bark ;
 A heart that has cherished
 Through winter's day ;
 So I turn from the greenwood
 Away, away.

20

“Come with thy Lute.”

AIR—See Baker's “School Music Book,” p. 128.

1 Come with thy lute to the fountain,
 Sing me a song of the mountain,

Sing of the happy and free ;
 Where, while the ray is declining,
 While its last roses are shining,
 Sweet shall our melodies be
 Under the broad Linden tree.

- 2 Come where the zephyrs are straying,
 Where mid the flower-buds playing,
 Rambles the blithe summer bee.
 Let the lone churl in his sorrow,
 He who despairs of the morrow,
 Far to his solitude flee,
 Under the dark cypress tree.

21

"List, 'tis Music Stealing."

TUNE—See "Vocal Class Book," p. 84

- 1 List, 'tis music stealing
 Over the rippling sea ;
 Bright yon moon is beaming
 Over each tower and tree.
 The waves seem listening to the so
 As silently they flow,
 O'er coral groves and fairy ground,
 And sparkling caves below.

- 2 Music sounds the sweetest,
 When on the moonlit sea ;
 We sail our bark the fleetest,
 To a sweet melody.
 Then as we're gently sailing,
 We'll sing that plaintive strain,
 Which memory makes endearing,
 And home recalls again.
 List to the convent bells.

22 "When the day with rosy light."

TUNE—*See "Song Book of the S. Room," p. 118.*

- 1 When the day with rosy light,
 In the morning glad appears,
 And the dusky shades of night,
 Melt away in dewy tears,
 Up the sunny hills I roam,
 Bid good-morrow to the flowers,
 Waken in their highland home,
 The minstrels of the bowers.

- 2 O ! 'tis sweet at early day,
 Then to climb the mountain's side,
 Where the merry songsters' lay,
 Sweetly echoes far and wide :
 Noon may have its sunny glare,
 Eve, its twilight and its dew,
 Night, its soft and cooling air ;
 But give me morning blue.

23

Kindness.*

TUNE—*"Balerma."*

- 1 Speak kindly to thy fellow-man,
 Lest he should die, while yet
 Thy bitter accents wring his heart,
 And make his pale cheek wet.

- 2 Speak to him tenderly ; for he
 Hath many toils to bear ;
 And he is weak and often sighs
 As thou dost, under care.

- 3 Speak to him lovingly ; he is
 A brother of thine own ;

* "In her tongue is the law of kindness." *Prov. xxi. 26.*

He well may claim thy sympathies,
Who's bone of thine own bone.

- 4 Speak to him faithfully ; thy word
May touch him deep within ;
And save his erring soul from death,
And cover o'er his sin.

ANON.

148

Doxology.

[L. M.]

TUNE—“Old Hundred.”

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truths attend Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

149

Worship.

[L. M.]

TUNE—“Old Hundred.”

BE Thou, O God, exalted high,
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

INDEX TO SACRED SONGS.

	No.
ALL hail! the great Immanuel's name,	123
Along the banks where Babel's current	<i>Barlow.</i> 7
Arraved in clouds of golden light,	<i>Moore.</i> 44
Awake, my soul, and with the Sun,	<i>Kenn.</i> 62
As every day Thy mercy spares,	<i>Ch. Psalmist.</i> 86
Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,	<i>Ogilvie.</i> 7
Bright was the guiding star that	<i>Sp. of the Psalms.</i> 65
Blest are the pure in heart,	77
Behold the western evening light,	<i>Peabody.</i> 17
Brightest and best of the sons of the	<i>Heber.</i> 18
By cool Siloam's shady rill,	<i>Heber.</i> 33
Before the rosy dawn of day,	<i>Anon.</i> 87
Be Thou, O God! by night, by day,	89
Beneath our feet and o'er our head,	<i>Heber.</i> 101
Be Thou, O God, exlated high,	149
Clime, beneath whose genial sun,	132
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you	<i>Anon.</i> 20
Come to the sunset tree,	<i>Hemans.</i> 79
Child, amidst the flowers at play,	“ 93
Ere falls the stealing step of dawn,	96
Father of mercies, when the day is	99
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,	<i>Steele.</i> 34
Father! Thy paternal care	<i>Bowring.</i> 1
Far from these scenes of night,	<i>Steele.</i> 103
Far from mortal cares retreating,	<i>J. Taylor.</i> 23
Far, far, o'er hill and dell,	54
From Greenland's icy mountains	<i>Heber.</i> 76
Faintly, as tolls the evening chime,	<i>Moore.</i> 118
Forgive thy foes,	<i>H. Knowles.</i> 63
From all that dwell below the skies,	<i>Watts.</i> 148
Gently glides the stream of life,	22
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,	72
Glad hearts to Thee we bring,	143
God that madest earth and heaven,	<i>Heber.</i> 88
God moves in a mysterious way,	<i>Couper.</i> 107
God bless our native land,	52
Go, when the morning shineth,	41
God of the morning,	130
Great God, we sing,	<i>Rippon's Col.</i> 135
Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,	<i>Scott.</i> 46
Hark! what mean those holy voices,	<i>Cawood.</i> 95

Hark ! the vesper hymn is stealing,	<i>Moore.</i>	119
Heavenly Father, grant Thy blessing,		145
How blest the sacred tie that binds,	<i>Barbauld.</i>	50
How sweet to be allowed to pray,	<i>Mrs. Follen.</i>	61
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,	<i>Swain.</i>	74
How vain is all beneath the skies !	<i>Ch. Psalmody.</i>	83
How cheering the thought,	<i>Cunningham.</i>	28
How fine has the day been, how bright	<i>Watts.</i>	12
How precious is the book,		127
In sleep's serene oblivion laid,	<i>Hawkesworth.</i>	26
If solid happiness we prize,	<i>Cotton.</i>	42
I would not live alway,	<i>Muhlenburg.</i>	55
I love to steal awhile away,	<i>Mrs. Brown.</i>	59
I sing the mighty power of God,	<i>Watts.</i>	136
Jesus, lover of my soul,	<i>Cowper.</i>	97
Lauded be Thy name for ever,		113
Like a dream when one awaketh,	<i>Mrs. Dana.</i>	31
Lo ! the heavens are breaking,	<i>Anon.</i>	15
Lo ! the blithesome lark is soaring,		67
Lord, lead my heart to learn,	<i>Sigourney.</i>	87
Love God with all your soul,		134
Let us love one another,		90
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,		140
Let us with a joyful mind,	<i>Milton.</i>	91
My country, 'tis of thee,	<i>S. F. Smith.</i>	27
My soul were dark,	<i>Croswell.</i>	120
Now condescend,		131
Now the shades of night are gone,		146
O, happy is the man who hears,		133
O, joy to thee, joy to thee, daughter,	<i>Mrs. Dana.</i>	38
O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds,	<i>Johnson.</i>	56
O Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,	<i>Bayley.</i>	82
O, blest art thou, whose steps may rove,		10
Once more to Thee, O God of love,		115
Our Father in heaven,	<i>S. J. Hale.</i>	116
O, Thou, whose mercy guides my way,	<i>Edmeston.</i>	139
Praise the Lord, ye heavens,	<i>Dublin Col.</i>	5
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan,		122
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,		142
Reflected on the lake I love,	<i>Heber.</i>	141
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,	<i>S. F. Smith.</i>	30
Soft, soft music is stealing,	<i>Mrs. Dana.</i>	35
Softly now the light of day,	<i>Epis. Col.</i>	36
See how, beneath the moon-beam's smile,	<i>Moore.</i>	47
So fades the lovely, blooming flower,	<i>Steele.</i>	49

Sleep forsakes us, may the soul,		51
Soon may the last glad song arise,	<i>Pratt's Col.</i>	53
See the gleams of daylight swim,		75
Safely through another week,	<i>Ch. Psalmist.</i>	80
Sweet is the scene, when	<i>Mrs. Barbauld.</i>	92
Sweet is the last, the parting ray,		100
Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,	<i>Herbert.</i>	13
See the leaves around us falling,	<i>Horne.</i>	114
Suppliant, lo, thy children bend,	<i>Grey.</i>	2
Shepherd of thy little flock,		137
There is a calm,		124
There is a pure, a peaceful wave,	<i>Anon.</i>	19
The bird let loose in eastern skies,	<i>Moore.</i>	21
There's nothing bright above, below,	<i>Moore.</i>	25
The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,		29
Time is winging us away,	<i>Burton.</i>	43
There is an hour of hallowed peace,	<i>Tappan.</i>	45
Traveller, dost thou hear the tidings,	<i>Woodhull.</i>	57
The humblest flower that decks the vale,		60
The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall		8
The gifts indulgent heaven bestows,		9
There seems a voice in every gale,	<i>A. Opie.</i>	11
The pity of the Lord,	<i>Watts.</i>	64
The mellow eve is gliding,	<i>Flushing Institute.</i>	66
There is a mild and tranquil light,		68
Thy will be done,		128
The day is past and gone,		126
The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,		70
The spacious firmament on high,	<i>Addison.</i>	94
The calm retreat, the silent shade,	<i>Couper.</i>	98
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,	<i>Addison.</i>	102
Time speeds away—away—away,	<i>Knox.</i>	105
Thou sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver		71
The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,	<i>Smith.</i>	73
There is an hour of peaceful rest,	<i>W. B. Tappan.</i>	78
The scene was more beautiful	<i>Moore.</i>	85
There is a place of waveless rest,	<i>Turnbull.</i>	106
The sky-lark, when the dews of morn,	<i>Hemans.</i>	108
Tell me, wanderer, wildly roving,		109
The gloom of the night adds a charm,	<i>Ford.</i>	110
The winter is over and gone,	<i>Hawes.</i>	111
There is a happy land,	<i>Anon.</i>	129
To thee, O God, in grateful praise,	<i>Nason.</i>	138
Vale of the Cross, the Shepherds tell,	<i>Roscoe.</i>	58
Watchman, tell us of the night,	<i>Bourring.</i>	14
When twilight's gray and pensive hour,	<i>Hemans.</i>	16
When through the torn sail,	<i>Heber.</i>	121

When morning's first and hallowed ray,		117
When the orb of morn enlightens,	Vedder.	112
While nature welcomes in the day,	Frisbie.	3
When shall we all meet again?		24
When marshalled on the nightly plain,	White.	32
When the vale of death appears,	Mrs. Gilbert.	39
While, with ceaseless course, the sun,	Newton.	40
While Thee I seek, protecting power,	Williams.	69
When I can read my title clear,	Watts.	81
When shall we meet again?		84
We love Thy holy temple, Lord,	Pratt's Col.	104
What secret hand,		125
When I survey life's varied scene,		147
Wherefore should man, frail child of clay,		144
Ye tribes of Adam join.	Watts.	4
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim,	Pratt's Col.	48

INDEX TO SECULAR SONGS.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,	7
Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young	12
Bird of the greenwood	19
Come with thy lute to the fountain	20
Hail, Columbia, happy land,	11
Hark! the pealing	15
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood	6
I come from woodlands roaming	18
List! 'tis music stealing	21
Night, shade no longer	14
O, how brightly, how brightly	2
O'er frost and snow, a weary way	16
Oft in the stilly night	13
On thy fair bosom, silver lake	8
Shall school acquaintance be forgot	5
Softly beam the dews of morning	3
Speak kindly to thy fellow man	23
Summer is breathing	17
Come, come, come	10
There is not in this wide world a valley	9
Those evening bells—those evening bells	4
To all our loved circle a greeting	1
When the day with rosy light	22

